

Century. The Sussex Downs & Sea-board.

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And now we have seen the west of Sussex; no-
where else in the country are there such dreary
landscapes as lie within the Southern half of a
circle about ten miles in diameter. Fathurst
Chichester is the centre. Turning north, you pass
amongst the Downs. There are a dozen walks of
great beauty which may be taken from the city.
You may go through fields & rural lanes, & pass
pleasant sunny Sussex villages - where white
or yellow

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yellow houses shine out from ~~banks~~^{cliffs} of verdur.
atched cottage are scattered in chine ~~ravines~~^{valleys}, honey-suckle, & the myrtle & fuchsia, great
shrubbs for size, flourish in the cottage gardens.
Slit-haired children claud at play with solemn,
big blue eyes, - on up, you may go until
you reach Godwood. The seat of the Duke
of Richmond. The house is ugly enough, built
on your side of a hexagon, with towers, like
pepper trees at Δ the angles; but the Park is
splendid! - a magnificent enclosure of
swelling down & sinking dean, with the pine
trees behind, ranging off into blue distance,
& before you, a long tree-lined potted descent.
Then, the dead level of the sea-board, looking
as if it had been laid down to support the ~~coast~~
shore mottes stand forth with delicate clear
over-beauty; beyond this again, a border
of blue sea, & above, the unequalled, sapphirine
sky of Sussex. Mighty Cedars of Lebanon cast
black shadow on the sunny slopes of the park
where they are fully scattered; ~~now~~ ^{of these} noble trees were planted by the ~~Duke~~ Duke in
1761; ~~that~~ ^{that} they have increased to about
100, but many of them have attained an
enormous growth, one ^{often} at least having a
girth of twenty-two feet. Then there are great
beeches with smooth grey-satin trunks, &
groves of the sombre ilex, cork trees, & clustering
fir-wrds. & the deciduous cypresses of the
Night Wood: & altogether, for dignity & beauty
perhaps no nobleman's seat in the kingdom
surpasses Godwood. On a straight
ridge above the Park ^{is the famous race course} lies the Grand Stand; while the Towns offer gloriou

MS. B. 3. c. v. fol. 349

Almost limitless riding & walking in any direction from Goodwood. An ancient camp called ~~the French~~ ^{the French} is within easy distance; it is circular with double vallum & deep fossa, & occupies a noble swelling height called Rockis or Old Roche's Hill. You may take your way back through park & open so as to see Rotgrouse Church. (time of Henry I.) one of the richest specimens of early English in the kingdom. It was served by Prebendal monks, was originally a cell attached to the Abbey of Lessay in Normandy, only fragments of the conventional buildings remain, & of the church, stately, the nave is gone, while the rest is now used as a parish church. ~~an unpleasing Renaissance~~ Delaware monument, & a Delaware Chapel which is fitted with armchairs, & curtains, & beglazed into a sort of little boudoir for the benefit of Goodwood, an ~~convenient~~ ^{convenient} of delights to the enterprize.

Another charming walk from Chichester is to Kingley Bottom, a curious cauldron-shaped dip, rugged, weird-looking, dotted with gnarled yews of every great age & size, ~~but~~ ^{so} often oddly draped with feathery festons of ivy & hollies; joy! New to men of Chichester forgot the Danes, whose 'knip' or leaders fell in numbers; & your large barrows on the Downs to the north of the valley mark the places of their burial. Upon this field of the 'knip' the picturesque valley is said to derive its name.

We are fairly amongst the Doms. now, & must say a word about them, ~~about the configuration~~
~~of course, personally,~~ before proceeding to make Ws
between the hills & the coast. — a mode of
covering the ground will be best will command
itself to the reader, & the pedestrian tourist will find
the ~~directions in~~ ⁱⁿ his ordinary map will give him all needful information.

From the expanse of chalk which occupies central Hampshire two lateral ridges branch out - the North Downs which extend through Surrey & Kent, & the South Downs which skirt the Sussex coast, gradually drawing towards the sea till they end in the magnificent promontory of Beachy Head. The valley between these two ridges is not chalk, but ~~somewhat~~ ^{shallow} ~~pearly~~, fresh-water, formed ~~down~~ ^{in the} ~~bealden~~ ~~clay~~: no chalk down being this valley on either side presents steep escarpments like sea-cliffs, & appearance go to prove that these two fragments of the ancient chalk continent were originally united; that is to say, that a wide stretch of chalk included the North & South Downs & the valley between them. Then, it would appear, that slow processes of which it is not easy to give account - upheaval, depressions, violent disruptions, ended in the wearing away, or tearing away of the chalk in such wise as to ~~form~~ ^{scop out} a broad channel, & then the lowered level of the land gave place to an inundation of the sea, & a powerful current flowed through what we now call the Weald, that was not seen tides & flats in the Straits of Dover - able to sweep the channel clean of the debris of the chalk. In the course of slow cycles this depressed channel rose above the sea level & appeared again as dryland, but denuded of its ancient covering of chalk; the chalk, however, rising on either hand as towering cliffs. Such at least is, loosely stated, the theory now generally received: the denuded valley is the Weald, & the chalk cliffs on either side are the escarpments of the North & South Downs, whose present steep cliff-like face to the Weald.

South

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The Downs form a belt mountain country, some
fifty-three miles long by four or five broad, bracing,
health-giving, full of singular beauty & delight,
which stretches like a friendly arm round the long
^{West} town of the Sussex coast. ^{South} Downlands ^{sloping}
~~and~~ more entirely enjoyable than these Sussex hills.

You climb a long swelling slope by an easy rise;
your feet bound over the soft elastic turf - green,
clay, short, odorous, dry half an hour after the
heaviest rain - the most luxuriant carpeting
spread anywhere in the green earth; you rest
upon a 'spring' couch where the wild thyme blows;
there you may lie half a summer's day in
quiet content, the soft wind flapping in your
face, cool & fresh, with a whiff of the sea in it -
you may taste the brine on your lips. The light
blue bells搬家 wildly in the wind. Birds
of the daintiest little butterflies flit about
on wing of cerulean blue, tipped & splashed with
crimson. Your eyes wander down the long
slope you have climbed, where the clean sheep
are freely scattered, over holt & shank, & shading
combe dear, & rest at last on the wide
hot fields of yellow grain, where the reapers
small enough in the distance to be taken
up in a child's pin-prince; & beyond the golden
corn, gleams the blue ring of the sea. You
rise & breast your hill again, every step bringing
you into still newer, sweeter air: now you are
in the tops, & the green Downs stretch away far
as the eye can follow, "A majestic chain of
mountains," Gilbert White calls them in one of
his charming letters written from Brightmore
a village in the heart of the hills; and here you find
yourself in truly mountain country. Yet there is no
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sufficiency, no desolation, no toppling crags nor
Scattered boulders, to impress the imagination;
nothing but glowing mittenes before you, soft
green, lavender & gold: but the hills fall
away, gold behind gold, in the longest, purest
curve. The most enchanting lies of beauty;
& between the golds are lines of delicate green
black or purple shade where you know the
villages nestle in ~~greenish~~ verdure: You
are looking forth upon Celange (^{meanly} weird lonely), which
into pathless distances across the most glorious
sweeps; a cool, fresh breeze ~~wafts~~ sweeps ^{wide} with
your garments, seem as ready to leap & throb
aloud to do any thing wild & elegant, in this
most exhilarating air. You hear, you hear
the cry of the curlew, the ~~cheerful~~ whirr of the
wind, the bleating of distant sheep, & after the last,
you never heard such intemperate creatures, all
space is not ^{wide} enough for the joy of a more
no bigger than a hazel nut against the blue sky.
Here is none of the turbulence of falling water,
the hurry of babbling brooks; the no movement
which restrains the eye is stiller than rest, in
its grand harmony with the sweep of the hill,
it is the almost endless procession of
cloud shadows across this vast sunny slope.

Then you are puzzled to know where a shadow
falls from, soberly blue is the sky, & at
last you spy a cloudlet, a mere lamb's fleece
in size, & that is it which is flying clinging &
ragged neckachings over the bosom of the hill.

One of the finest walks amongst the Downs
is from Chichester to the celebrated Roman villa
of Reignor about twelve miles distant: over the
low, prancing hills, through scattered wood, & beds of
Bracken, by the picturesque valley which contains

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Singleton & East Dean - summit - lovely view of
Succer villages - up, up, the long swell of Sutton
Hill: now you are at the back of the Downs & have
a glorious view over the wooded weald, with
the Downs rising away from you on either hand,
to Chelmerbury ^{pink}, on the east, & Duncton Beacon,
in the west, both over 800 feet, & among them
highest summits of the chalk. And now you
descend upon Beignor, by & by, through deep
lanes, with a scattering of spreading oak
which shows you are in the weald, for the
beech is the characteristic tree of the chalk.
The situation of the villa was perfect - in the very
heart of the green hills with their delicious
hills of beech & ash trees, & in full view of the
great Stato Romanum Stand Street, between Regium
& Londinium.

Traditions of the whereabouts of the 'town' of Beignor
appear always to have lingered about the spot, &
in the beginning of the present century a ploughman
turned up some fragments of pavement which led
to careful search; when, one or two feet below
the surface, were discovered the very complete
remains of a magnificent Roman villa
the building of which has been ^{over} traced to a length
of 600 feet & a breadth of 300.

8 MS. B. 1. 2 v. fol. 34 recto

carries the reader over the picturesquely wooded slopes of Higher Hill, nor to the top of Berry Hill whereon is a great barrow, with a view reaching from Brighton to the Isle of Wight, nor to the famous Slindon beeches which are scattered up & down a valley at the back of Slindon Park.

Moving eastward, across ridge & combes, we come to a gap in the hills, for the passage of the Arun; ^{At a river here is all the more noticeable because} hitherto we have not come to the smallest stream valley in the chalk hills; and one of the half dozen little rivers of Sussex takes its rise in these hills, west - all, like the Arun, cut their way through in making straight for the sea: so with the North Downs; the Wey, Mole, Darent, Medway rise on the Great Ridge or in the low ground of the Weald, spend a passage through the chalk hills, which come in the way of their junction with the Thames, ^{a curious circumstance} ~~we are told the river may be beneath~~ ^{strict points to the} ~~possibility that when~~ ^{the surface was under} chalk, the upland of the central ~~was~~ ^{now} favours ~~cross~~ transverse fissures.

The Arun is made navigable above Arundel & is connected with the Wey, so that there is waterway between its port of Littlehampton & Guildford in Surrey. Our interest of course centres in Arundel Castle, a Norman fortalice built on a bold spur of the Downs overlooking the Arun at a point to which no tide anciently reached. The Honour of Arundel was bestowed by the Conqueror on Roger de Montgomery, & after one or two lapses, it passed by marriage to the great family of the Fitzalans in the twelfth century, & Mary, the sole surviving child of Henry Fitzalan, the last earl married Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk whence the earldom of Arundel passed into the hands of the present holders. The early Norman keep

riser from the centre of the castle enclosure is
by far the most interesting part of what is left,
in situation & mass, a very stately castle indeed
indeed. The most romantic incident in
its history is the siege sustained by Alice
of Connaught on behalf of her step-daughter, the
Empress Matilda; Stephen set down before
the castle until the besieged could hold out
no longer, & then, with knightly courtesy, he
allowed Matilda to withdraw to Oxford. A
later siege by Sir William Waller was
more disastrous: the siege lasted for seventeen
days, artillery playing upon the castle from
the tower of the old church, until a mass
of ruins was all that remained of the goodly
fortress of Arundel. In the best part of a
century, ~~for want of a~~ ^{the number certain is lost of delay,} almost of it had remained
desolate & broken, & much of the present pile
dates ^{only} ~~from~~ back ^{now} than the end of the last
century; but the thick walls of the keep ~~assisted~~
defied the guns of the roundheads; then we
have a movement of the past receding back
some say, to the days of Alfred, but it truth
seems to be that a Norman fortress was raised
when a Saxon stronghold had occupied the ground
before. The park is undulating, richly wooded,
charming, but without the breadth & depth
which belongs to Goodwood. Nothing can be
more romantic than the site of the castle, at the
head of the steep street which is the town of
Arundel - overlooking the low plain & the sea
beyond, a soft blue mist is apt to fill
the valley, as soon as up the heights, & shroud the
town, so as to have a glade emerging here &
there, & hang itself as a drapery around the
open spaces of the castle: if this happens before
^{me}

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The sun has set - the still quiet gloom luminous
gables & towers show out glorified as from some
dim rich city of the past; & the painter who ventures
to catch the fleeting lights & wonders effect
of this Sussex ^{long romantic way away} ~~see board~~ had better call his
picture by name ~~Chapel~~ ^{long romantic way away} from ~~poetry or romance~~
for the critics will ^{not} believe he has seen these
things under the 'leader' ^{long romantic way away} chies of England. The old
Church is full of interest, especially the Fitzalan
Chapel with its fine monuments: a curious
case - and 'erect' this Chapel will be remembered,
the question being whether the right of possession
lay with the 'Church' or with the Howard family
in whose favour the case was decided, & the
Chapel is now walled off from ^{common} ~~the rest of the church~~.

The next, still elaborately finished Church of St.
Philip Hari, built by the present Duke, is out of
harmony with castle & church & its little
low stables spoils the pictorial effect of the whole.
Reasants elm-bordered lanes bring you to Little-
hampton, which is a packet station for Havr., &
a fishing town, a pleasant bathing place with
a wide common where sea-pinks grow & children
swarm - fronting the sea. Bognor, further
west, is such another bathing place, but without
the picturesqueness which always belongs to a
little port.

Notice the order of things here - a little port at the
mouth of a river backed by a Norman keep: this
is repeated in Shoreham, backed by Bramber
Castle, Newhaven, backed by the castle of Lewes, ^{remains}
Hastings again has their protecting fortresses,
& Chichester had once its castle, backing the
port of Bosham. Now the territorial division of
Sussex is peculiar to itself: no other county ~~has~~ ^{any}